

# The Mirror

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## Ruins at Kirby Muxloe, Leicester.



(From a Correspondent.)

In the fifteenth century the custom of erecting castellated mansions, in which were combined both security and domestic convenience, became pretty general. These succeeded to the castles, the strongholds of the barons, which, however well calculated for defence, had within them little comfort as habitations; and as, according to the then existing laws, they were not allowed to be fortified except by virtue of a license from the crown, we are able to ascertain by records still in existence, the exact periods when not a few of these mansions were built. The turbulent wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster also occasioned the erection of many of them, and they were at that period often the scenes of contention and bloodshed. Though each of these are individually dissimilar in many respects, there is a general resemblance in all; and when we examine one minutely we are able to judge of the style of building, which at that time prevailed amongst the nobles.

The ruins above delineated represent the present appearance of one of these embattled edifices, situated in the village of Kirby Muxloe, near Leicester. It was built by the celebrated Lord Hastings, chamberlain to Edward IV. (who

also built the castle of Ashby de la Zouch) by virtue of a license granted to him in 1475, "to wall in and enclose the Manor of Kirby with lime and stone, also to fortify and embattle it; likewise to enclose 2,000 acres of land and wood for a park with free warren;" and tradition asserts, that it once afforded an asylum to the beauteous, though frail and unfortunate, Jane Shore, whilst under the protection of that nobleman. After his murder it still continued to be the residence of some of the Hastings family, who had large possessions in that neighbourhood, till about the year 1636, when the mansion was sold by Sir Henry Hastings, and is supposed, from that time, to have been uninhabited, and fallen into decay. It is now the property of Colonel Winstanley, of Branston Hall, about two miles distant, by whom the existing remains are carefully preserved, and they convey a very clear and striking idea of the style of architecture in fashion at the time it was built. The area within which it is situated, consists of about two acres, in the form of a parallelogram, and is surrounded on all sides by a broad moat, full of water, except at the entrance, where the moat has been filled up. The parts of the structure now remaining consist of the gateway, (represented as above) which

from its size, must have formed no inconsiderable part of the building; and a large square, embattled tower nearly overgrown with ivy, of the height of three stories: this is situated to the west of the gateway, and was formerly connected with it by a long range of buildings, as appears by the ruins, still remaining. A large tower, apparently of corresponding magnitude with the one just mentioned, formerly stood to the eastward of the gateway, and appears to have been connected with it like the last: this was some years ago levelled to the ground, by the directions of a former proprietor. Two other towers also probably stood at the other corners of the area; but these, if there were any, have long since been demolished.

The building is composed of brick-work, beautifully executed; and the facings and mullions of the windows, copings of the battlements, door-mouldings, and other ornamental details, are of a fine, white, durable sand-stone. The gateway is flanked at each corner by semi-octagon towers, between which the entrance is, through an obtuse pointed arch, in beautiful preservation, the architrave mouldings of which have no capitals, but run down the side into the base mouldings, which was generally the case in doorways of the florid style of architecture; there are grooves on each side of the entrance, and a perforation at the top, seemingly for the purpose of a portcullis. The rooms within are vaulted with brick; and circular staircases of the same material, beautifully turned, and leading to the upper stories, still remain; the windows are square, headed with mullions, transoms, and facings of sand-stone, but have no dripstones over them. In the towers are several loop-holes, some of a circular shape, and others very narrow, and oblong externally; these gradually widen internally, through the whole thickness of the wall, and are likewise faced externally with sand-stone. Some of the external doorways in the interior of the area have obtuse pointed arches, with square-headed dripstones over them; and in the spandrells of one, the initials of the founder are still discernible, though in a mutilated condition.

Such is the present state of this edifice, which is so compactly built, that even now, though it be in ruins, it may defy the uniting storms of ages, if not torn asunder by the unsparing hand of some future possessor.

M. H. B.

*Rugby, Warwickshire.*

### I'D BE A ROTHSCHILD.

(For the Mirror.)

I'd be a Rothschild! immortal in story,  
As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains;  
Having a heart drunk with visions of glory,  
When fifty per cent. on my table remains;  
I'd have no poet to sway his lute o'er me,  
A fig for the head that such nonsense contains.  
I'd be a Rothschild! immortal in story,  
As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains.

Tell me of Southey and Scotts—they are ninnies  
To foolishly trifle with time as they do;  
Give me the music of soul-witching guineas  
While they address lays to the "summer skies blue."

What, if they scribble like Virgils or Plinies,  
At sixpence per line in each London review?  
I'd be a Rothschild! and laugh at the ninnies,  
Whose brains such absurd undertakings pursue.

Commerce shall wave her proud flag o'er the ocean,  
When the wreath and the minstrel have vanish'd from hence;

Rhymes may give to the muse their devotion,  
But mine is concentrated in consols and rents.  
Of Tempe and Castaly I have no notion,  
Oh, they give song the importance of sense;  
I'd be a Rothschild! with every emotion,  
Awake at the tune of pounds, shillings, and pence!

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

### THE CIRCLE OF THE DRUIDS.

(For the Mirror.)

It was the general custom among the Ancient Britons to administer justice on the spot by the presiding Druid, within a circle, or ray, which was equivalent to our bar. Any suspected person placed in the name of justice in the centre of a circle, was to remain there till the trial was finally decided; to attempt an escape was deemed the greatest crime, and was punished by the severest penalties, both spiritual and temporal.

The word *ray*, may be derived *Rhea*, the goddess of justice. In this institution is also the origin of the Magic Circle, of which traces may be found in all countries. The Magician's Wand is nothing but the sacred piece of wood by which the circle was drawn on the ground, and by which the person arraigned, (at ray in) was arrested (at ray est). From this is derived also, the true reason why jurymen when once charged with a prisoner cannot depart till they have acquitted or condemned him. The trial having been formerly in the open air, and the culprit under no confinement but that of the circle, or ray, by which he was surrounded, that

bond would be dissolved by the departure of the assembly, and the prisoner, *ipso facto*, at liberty. The first dawning of our trial by jury may date its commencement from this circle; the prisoner was placed in the ray, a number of his compeers were selected with a chief Druid at their head, and none could depart till they had unanimously declared the offender guilty or innocent, and given their sentence accordingly. This is undoubtedly very similar to our modern trials, and has been perfected by the advancement of knowledge and civilization.

M. B. H.

### THE BANISHED MAN'S FAREWELL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SHOULD you esteem the following little piece worthy a place in your entertaining miscellany, you will confer an additional gratification on one to whom you have often imparted pleasure: though he has been deprived of sight ever since his childhood, he yet loves "to wander where the muses haunt."

Farewell my home, my native land,  
Bride, father, brothers, friends, adieu,  
Though doom'd to roam a foreign strand,  
I leave this breaking heart with you.

When with the morn I wake to care,  
When eve still finds me sunk in woe,  
For you I'll breathe my fondest prayer,  
While tears of cherish'd sorrow flow.

And O! if mercy ere incline  
To penitence, a pitying ear,  
With humble hope I'll seek her shrine,  
And offer there the contrite tear.

Then take this sad, this last adieu,  
Nor spurn a heart by anguish riv'n,  
One farewell it asks from you,  
A pardoning smile it seeks from heaven.

H. X. C.

### The Nobelist.

THE SECRET, OR THE STUDENT AND HIS WIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

"Ah, no! no! Fredriga, never! never will I tell you that!" cried the bridegroom Reichter to his young, beautiful, and devoted wife. "Shew me then Arnulph, at least;" replied the lady, "and so shall I learn to credit your strange assertion."

"No, no! dearest, never; and if you value my love, nay, my very life, press me not to reveal that terrible secret, my possession of which, I find I have been blamable even to name to the

sweetest of the curious sex." And the fond husband smiled as he twined around his fingers a long, glossy lock of his bride's bright hair; then gently drawing her arm within his own—"Come," said he, "let us walk, the evening is delicious; nay, lay not aside your guitar, for pleasant in this odour-dropping hour will be one of your songs beneath the plane-tree."

Fredriga arose, and arm in arm, the happy creatures quitted the saloon wherein they had been sitting in meditative mood; now gazing from a sash-window door upon the garden of the chateau, all radiant as it was in summer foliage, and in the lustre of a red, cloudless, and golden sunset; now adoring the God of nature upon a view of the beauties lavished around them; and now discoursing upon the arcana of that nature and of art; a subject altogether most congenial to the disposition of Fredriga, who was surely the veriest *curieuse* of her sex; indeed, mysterious topics were those upon which she peculiarly delighted to dwell, and she would frequently urge Reichter to such conversations, well aware that as a student of philosophy at the University of Jena, he had become an adept in the occult sciences. During their discourse he had unwarily observed—"for instance, Fredriga, I could, if I pleased, instantly animate yonder statue!"—"How?" asked the inquisitive fair one, with a look of unequivocal astonishment, and a feeling of somewhat excusable fear—"Ay, there it is," replied Reichter, with an expression of archness in his countenance which seemed to intimate—"but I don't intend to let you know any of my secrets."—"I could do it, believe me, Fredriga, if I choose; so subservient to mind, to immortal mind, have I rendered the powers of nature, as the uninitiated term those mysterious influences which they do not understand; nor durst I breathe even to you, Fredriga, their proper name."

"Oh, but do, do tell me, dearest Arnulph," returned his wife in the most winning tone imaginable, and with one of those bright, eloquent looks whose translation we willingly resign to such as are conversant in the voiceless language; "do tell me the means that you would employ to animate a statue." Her husband's answer was the very speech with which our narrative commences. "Sing, dearest," cried Reichter as he seated himself beside Fredriga under the leafy spreading branches of the plane-tree; "this is the hour above all others in which methinks music, delici-

ous music, penetrates the spirit. The calm, the holy, the tender, the odorous evening hours; the hour in which, if ever, angelic essences most assuredly visit man, and we seem to behold and to feel their beatific ministering in the all but supernatural beauty of earth. Sing, dearest."

"I certainly shall not sing," replied the lady, "to oblige a good-for-nothing, teasing creature, who knows that he can gratify me, and who will not."

"I give you my word and honour, Fredriga —"

"Psha! a man's word and honour; what woman, not quite a fool, ever took it?"

"Why, my love, at all events you did, when you married me."

"True, I forgot that I condemned myself," replied Fredriga, laughing; Reichter also laughed, and very pleasant, pleasanter even than sweet music in the twilight hour, was the mirth of the fair young couple, for it was that of perfect affection and unbounded confidence. "Nevertheless do, do comply with my request, most dear Arnulph;" and laying her delicate arm lightly across his shoulders, she looked bewitchingly into his face; "only just for one moment consider what a treat to a woman is the unravelling of a secret."

"Once again then, Fredriga," returned her husband with exceeding earnestness of tone and manner, "I not only, by all that is sacred, conjure you not to tempt me to such a disclosure, but absolutely prohibit you from so doing."

"May I ask why?"

"Ay, that's another question; one reason is this: (and even now you are proving its equity) were I to reveal the means whereby I could perform my Promethean miracle, you would doubt the truth of my assertion, and oblige me at length to put it to the test by actually performing that, of which the consequences would be in the highest degree dreadful."

"Oh, no! no, indeed, I would not."

"But indeed you would; permit me to say, my dear, that I am better acquainted with your disposition than you are yourself."

"No, you vain creature; not in this respect, I am certain. Come, you shall see how well I will behave. Won't you tell me now?"

"Decidedly not."

"I know what I'll do if you don't."

"And I know what you'll do if you force my secret from me," rejoined Reichter, in a mournfully tender tone,

and turning his face from Fredriga he rested it thoughtfully upon the hand of that arm which was supported by the garden-chair.

"Nay, mine own Prometheus," pursued the affectionate inquisitor, "speak not, look not so sadly; I am prepared in your beloved society for any, for every thing; for electric lightnings, galvanic discharges; nay, for the apparition of hosts of demons themselves; you have spoken to me of kings, dukes, earls, marquesses, and knights; of Agares, of Arnon, of Marbas, and of Baal; let them come, I am not afraid; you have fixed mercury, discovered the sublime alkahest; the blacker than the black of Apollonius Tyaneus; the powder of projection; and nearly, nearly the *elixir vite*; comply then with my simplest request—I desire to see your marble Endymion, yon languid minion of the moon raise his drooping eyelids and his beautiful sinking form; shake from his pale, pure brow the overclustering curls; display a mind in his placid, angelic face, and light his moveless lips in blessed smiles. Or, if this certainly may not be, tell me at least, dearest Arnulph, the means you would adopt to effect such a miracle."

Who can resist the melody of a voice, every tone of which is modulated by purest affection? The soft but thrilling beam of a love lighted-eye? The mute but impassioned eloquence of manner? Nay, the very heaving of a gentle, balmy breath, and every nameless blandishment of a lovely, loved, and loving pleader, heard and seen and felt—felt even to inebriation in the rich odorous and stilly summer twilight? He who could resist so maddening a combination of dangerous delights, must be master of a harder heart than that possessed by the student Reichter. He was enamoured—enchanted—entranced—infatuated—his brain whirled, his whole frame trembled, a deadly faintness seized him, his bosom heaved convulsively between strange delight and terror, his very heart was sick, and throbbed almost audibly, and catching Fredriga in his arms, he hastily and fervently kissed her glowing cheek, exclaiming in a hurried tone—"I can deny you nothing—it is insanity—death—but by your hands to die is sweet, most sweet. Know then that to animate yonder statue, I must transfuse into it the *principle of life*, transferred immediately from myself. *You have my secret.*"

"But I know better," replied his wife, after she had recovered from the involuntary astonishment into which so

extraordinary a communication had naturally thrown her—"that is not true I'm certain, dearest Arnulph; you do but jest with my feminine ignorance, and amuse me with asserting an impossibility in order to prevent my searching out the real fact; for even we women know that what you mention, the *principle of life*, has as yet eluded the penetration of the most profound philosophers, who are also divided in their opinions as to whether its nature is corporeal or spiritual; consequently whether it is destructible or indestructible; whether it dies with the body or whether upon the dissolution of that it still exists elsewhere and under another modification; whether it pervades the whole frame or resides peculiarly in any given part, and if so——"

"Upon my word, Fredriga," exclaimed Reichter, hoping that a banter might succeed in changing a subject now become to him one of the most fearful interest—"upon my word, Fredriga, I shall, I believe, have shortly to invest you with my academicals, and dispatch you to give lectures in mysticism at one of our universities."

"That is not to the point, Arnulph; I see your aim, and am resolved that unto it you shall not attain; therefore, explain to me, dearest, how you could detach from yourself and transfer to another, a principle of whose very nature——"

"Oh, good gracious! it is then as I anticipated—you are incredulous, and must see in order to believe."

"To be sure I must, and why not? I know that you are only attempting to impose upon my credulity and ignorance; had you told me any thing less marvellous, Arnulph, I should most likely have been satisfied."

"Oh, no, no, no! you would not, Fredriga," exclaimed the unfortunate young man with an energy inspired by passion and despair; "and are you indeed so—so—so—I will not, I cannot call you cruel, for you mean not to be so, as to wish to have an ocular demonstration of that, which may be attended with fatal consequences to myself?" Reichter was pale as death, he was suffused with a cold perspiration, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he leant against the trunk of the plane-tree for support. Fredriga observed his emotion, and was for a short space of time silent and abashed, beginning really to imagine that her husband might have told her the truth. Curiosity, however, unfortunately overcame with irresistible force every principle of duty and attachment towards

him for whom really she had an excessive, but not a generous, affection. Had she been told that she loved *self* better than her husband, her anger and astonishment would have been excessive; nevertheless her own gratification was commonly sought by her, as in this instance, without regard to the inconvenience or pain, accruing from such conduct towards her "other self." After awhile, therefore, the inquisitive and pertinacious Fredriga returned to the attack, entreating even with tears to be indulged with a view of the phenomenon mentioned by Reichter, averring that shortly, if he persisted in not complying with her request, inextinguishable curiosity would undermine her constitution, and bring her to the grave.

"Alas!" sighed the miserable student, "thither then, too surely, seems one of us destined to go; and if so, better I than you, my dearest. I forgive you. Heaven knows how I have in times past suffered from a devouring passion; that, Fredriga, was love, yours is curiosity, and in some bosoms this reigns as paramount as the other; take the blessing of God, and my own, and when I am dead remember me; but do not reproach yourself for my murder."

"How can you talk in such a manner, my dear Arnulph. Even taking it for granted that you are able to perform what you have named, and by the most unaccountable means, will you not also possess the power of restoring the vital spark to that body, from whence an act of your own intelligence originally detached it?"

"I do not know—I cannot say—my own uncertainty on this subject renders me thus unwilling to hazard so dangerous an experiment."

"Nay, then, if you do not know, I can tell you; it stands to reason that it must be so."

"Well, Fredriga, there is no arguing with a lady who will not be convinced; I have said all that I can say, and if you still persist in your desire, you must take the consequences of its gratification, be they what they may: seat yourself opposite Endymion—play, sing, do anything rather than speak to me—and watch the statue." Fredriga, still under the influence of an infatuation most cruel and unaccountable, did exactly as Reichter, who placed himself (standing) beside her, desired, and fixing her eyes upon one of the most beautiful productions of the chisel, she sang in a low, sweet tone, according well with the hour and scene, the following stanzas:—

Wake! palest minion of the moon,  
Thy lady asks for thee:  
Night odours of delicious June  
From flow'ret breathe and tree!

Wake from thy dreamless slumber—wake!  
Thy charmed eyes unclose!  
'Tis only for the dead to take  
Such rapturous repose!

Thou livest! Beautiful, but pale  
And drooping sleeper! rise,  
To life to consciousness; and hail  
The moonlit earth and skies!

Endymion! thy lady-love  
Doth kiss a breast and brow,  
More fair, she deems, than aught above  
More pure than aught below!

"Hah!" exclaimed Fredriga, breaking off her song, then dropping the guitar, she fell across she recked not what, in a long, long fainting fit; for, with emotions of unutterable terror, she had at length beheld the statue actually smile mournfully; and partially raising its languidly recumbent form, make a visible effort to approach her. In this state and situation was she found by her servants, and only recovered her senses by the means they employed to restore her, to see that the moon at its full was riding high in the heavens, pouring a flood of pale, cold brilliancy over all things; that Endymion the enchanted statue still retained his place and accustomed mournful position, like an effigy upon the tomb of fairest youth; and that she had fallen over the affectionate Reichter who was now as cold and senseless as that sculpture; for the unfortunate victim of indiscreet speech, presumptuous science, and unfeeling curiosity, had been dead some hours.

M. L. B.

## Retrospective Gleanings.

### TORY AND WHIG.

THE word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of there in the time of Queen Elizabeth's wars in Ireland. It signified a kind of robber, who being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon the country, without distinction of English or Spaniard. In the Irish massacre, anno 1641, you had them in great numbers, assisting in every thing that was bloody and villanous; and particularly when humanity prevailed upon some of the Papists to preserve Protestant relations. These were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, the dearest friends and nearest relations; these were called *Tories*. In England, about the year 1680, a party of men appeared among us, who, though pretended Protestants, yet applied themselves to the ruin and de-

struction of their country. They began with ridiculing the Popish plot, and encouraging the Papists to revive it. They pursued their designs, in banishing the Duke of Monmouth and calling home the Duke of York; then in abhorring, petitioning, and opposing the bill of exclusion; in giving up charters, and the liberties of their country, to the arbitrary will of their prince; then in murdering patriots, persecuting dissenters, and at last, in setting up a Popish prince, on pretence of hereditary right, and tyranny on pretence of passive obedience. These men, for their criminal preying upon their country, and their cruel, bloody disposition, began to show themselves so like the Irish thieves and murderers aforesaid, that they quickly got the name of *Tories*. Their real godfather was Titus Oates, and the occasion of his giving them the name as follows—the author of this happened to be present: There was a meeting of some honest people in the city, upon the occasion of the discovery of some attempt to stifle the evidence of the witnesses [to the Popish plot,] and tampering with Bedloe and Stephen Dugdale. Among the discourse, Mr. Bedloe said, he had letters from Ireland, that there were some *Tories* to be brought over hither, who were privately to murder Dr. Oates and the said Bedloe. The Doctor, whose zeal was very hot, could never after this hear any man talk against the plot, or against the witnesses, but he thought he was one of these *Tories*, and called almost every man a *Tory* that opposed him in discourse; till at last the word *Tory* became popular, and it stuck so close to the party in all their bloody proceedings, that they had no way to get it off; so at last they owned it, just as they do now the name of *High-flyer*.

As to the word *Whig*, it is Scotch. The use of it began there when the western men, called *Cameronians*, took arms frequently for their religion. *Whig* was a word used in those parts for a kind of liquor the *Western Highlandmen* used to drink, whose composition I do not remember, and so became common to the people who drank it. It afterwards became a denomination of the poor harassed people of that part of the country, who, being unmercifully persecuted by the government, against all law and justice, thought they had a civil right to their religious liberties, and therefore frequently resisted the arbitrary power of their princes. These men, tired with innumerable oppressions, ravishings, murders, and plun-

derings, took up arms about 1681, being the famous insurrection at Bothwell Bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favour here, was sent against them by King Charles, and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for the good service, he found himself ill-treated for using them too mercifully; and Duke Lauderdale told King Charles with an oath, that the duke had been so civil to Whigs because he was a Whig himself in his heart. This made it a court-word; and in a little time, all the friends and followers of the duke began to be called Whigs; and they, as the other party did by the word Tory, took it freely enough to themselves.—*Defoe's "Review."*

## PROVERBS.

"*The Vicar of Bray, will be Vicar of Bray still.*"—Bray is a village well known in Berkshire, the vivacious vicar whereof lived under King Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and then a Protestant again. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turn-coat, "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die Vicar of Bray."—*Ray's Proverbs*, 1, 37.

"*Sleeps like a Top.*"—This we may say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus, and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotary motion is at its height. But no such thing, the word top is Italian. Topo, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*ei dorme come un topo*" is derived—Anglice, "he sleeps like a top."—*Gent. Mag.* 1793.

"*To go through Fire and Water.*"—The two chief species of trial by ordeal, were those of fire and water; the former being, in the opinion of some of the learned writers, confined to persons of high rank, and the latter used for common people, both these modes might be performed by deputy, but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporal pain, for hire, or perhaps for friendship: hence the old saying of "*I would go through fire and water to serve you.*"—*History of Kent.*

"*Rob Peter to pay Paul.*"—This proverb had its origin in the time of Ed-

ward VI., when such of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were invaded by the great men of the court, who, therefore, allowed something out of them towards the repair of St. Paul's Church.—*Blount's Dictionary*, 1681.

"*An it please the Pigs.*"—Is, with a small change, the old Roman Catholic ejaculation, "an it please the pix," which is the box in which the Host was carried."—*Gent. Mag.* p. 876, 1790.

"*I have paid my Shot.*"—"Shot" is a common mode of expression among the commonalty, to denote a reckoning, &c. "I have paid my shot," or rather "scot," from "scottum," a tax or contribution, a shot. — *Furn and Nicholson's Westmorland and Cumberland.*

"*The higher the Ape goes the more he shows his Tail.*"—This is an excellent proverb, and signifies that the higher low-bred, vulgar persons are advanced, the more they expose themselves.

"*To rule the Roast.*"—Is to govern, manage, or preside over. Johnson observes, that it was originally written roist, which signifies a tumult, and then implied to direct the rabble.—*Rider's Dictionary.*

"*Piping Hot.*"—This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently "hot" and light.—*Lemon's Dictionary*, 1783.

"*Skin Flint.*"—(A cant term for an avaricious man.) The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmaleck, one of the Khalifs of the race of Omiades, was surnamed by way of sarcasm, Raschel Heigiarah, that is the skinner of a flint; and to this day we call an avaricious man a skin flint.—*Universal Mag.* 1796.

## Notes of a Reader.

## BEAUTIES OF SHELLEY.

A VOLUME of Selections from Mr. Shelley's Poems, as the title-page of this work expresses, "free from all objectionable passages," is a pearl of too great price to be lost. Some of these Selections are extremely beautiful—indeed so exquisite, as to make us lament that they should ever have been mixed up with so much baser matter. We intend to quote a column or two, and part of the very interesting Memoir of Mr. Shelley, by which they are preceded.



## PANORAMA OF THE THAMES.

THIS is a successful attempt to represent every object on both banks of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Richmond Bridge, a distance of fifteen miles. We have not a foot-rule at hand, but the entire length of the Panorama must be nearly sixty feet: it is delicately aqua-tinted, and exhibits every object, as far as we have examined, with great accuracy. A View of London from the Adelphi, and a description of the most remarkable places on the river, accompany the plate; and the whole is neatly put in a case about the size and thickness of a quire of foolscap paper.

No river in England abounds with more interesting localities than the Thames and its banks. Let us start from the Red House, fifty yards west of which Cæsar crossed the Thames, and the Britons scampered through the river before the Romans. Then come Chelsea Hospital, a perfect picture of philanthropy—Sir Hans Sloane's Botanical Garden, and the two fine cedars of Libanus, about 150 years old—Cheyne Walk and Nell Gwynne—A paper-hanging manufactory now, where Sir Thomas More once entertained Henry VIII. and Erasmus—Don Saltero's house, mentioned in the Tatler—Chelsea Old Church, with a monument to Sir T. More, erected by himself; and the tombs of Sir Hans Sloane and Miller, the botanist—The Mill at Battersea, on the spot where Bolingbroke was born and died, and the very room where he entertained Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, and the parlour where Pope wrote his "Essay on Man"—Battersea Old Church, with a monument to Bolingbroke, by Roubiliac—A Villa, once the residence of Dr. Hoadley—York House, now a distillery, but once the seat of the Archbishop of York, and where Henry VIII. first saw Anne Boleyn—Putney, the birthplace of Cromwell, earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith here; of West, bishop of Ely, whose father was a baker here; and of Gibbon, the historian: here Mr. Pitt expired, in 1806—Fulham Church, where the Bishops of London "lie sleeping"—The Bishop of London's Palace, built in the reign of Henry VII.—Barn Elms, Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and old Jacob Tonson's house, with the kit-cat gallery; and the houses of Cowley, the poet, and the Reveller Heidegger—Brandenburgh House, a noted place, from the time of Prince Rupert's visits there to our day—Hammersmith, with the Dane Coffee House, between the

Malls, where Thomson wrote his "Winter"—Hammersmith Suspension Bridge, a wonder of our time—The Terrace, where Louthembourg, the painter, and Murphy, the dramatist, lived—Chiswick Church, with all that remains of Kent the Gardener, Lord Macartney, and Chardin, the travellers; Ralph, the historian; Griffiths, of the Monthly Review; Louthembourg; Hogarth, with an epitaph by Garrick; Mary, Countess of Faulconberg, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Tomkins, the penman; and Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet—Devonshire House, where Fox died, in 1806; and Canning, in 1827—Barnes Terrace; the old church, and the tomb of Edward Rose, who left 20*l.* a year to the parish, on condition that the paling round his tomb should be preserved, and rose-trees planted, and kept there in a flourishing state—Mortlake, where were buried Dee and Partridge, the astrologers (the former consulted by Queen Elizabeth), Sir John Barnard, Alderman Barber, and Sir Philip Francis; the Manor House, formerly occupied by the Archbishops of Canterbury, and an old house, once the residence of Oliver Cromwell—Strand-on-the-Green, where Zoffany and Joe Miller lived—Kew Church, with the tombs of Meyer and Gainsborough—Kew Gardens and Pagoda—Old Kew Palace, where Queen Charlotte died—and the spot where the New Palace stood but four years since—Brentford, and its Chapel, where Horne Tooke officiated—Sion House and its Conservatory, one of the finest in the world, and cost 40,000*l.*; and the first mulberry-tree planted in England—Isleworth Church, and its ivy-mantled tower—Lord Cassilis' Villa, where Lord Bacon entertained Queen Elizabeth;—and here we are at RICHMOND, whose rarities we do not enumerate, for the same reason that we omitted those of Westminster, Lambeth, and Vauxhall: because, at the beginning and end of a journey, people are brisk with curiosity, whereas they sometimes *nap* in the interval.

The Panorama of the Thames is from Mr. Leigh, and we have thus picked, or rather paddled, from Westminster to Richmond, by the help of the key to the Picture, without moving out of our chair. We could not give the reader the plate, so we have seasoned up this little dish of its most interesting objects.

As we are at Richmond, we present the reader with one of its olden "rarities," viz.



## Merlin's Cave.



THIS is described at some length in a tract called "*Rarities of Richmond*"\*—now become rare indeed; as well as in one or two other pamphlets. It appears to have stood in the Royal Gardens adjoining the New Park, and to have been a favourite retreat of Caroline, queen of George II. who had it fitted up as a rustic library. In the *Environs of London*, sixth volume, article Richmond, we meet with the following brief notice:—"Passing through a labyrinth, you see, near a pond, *Merlin's Cave*, a Gothic building, thatched: within which are the following figures in wax—Merlin, an ancient British enchanter, the excellent and learned Queen Elizabeth, and a Queen of Amazons: here is also a library, consisting of a well chosen collection of the works of modern authors, neatly bound in vellum."

## DUTY ON BEER.

THE following facts will be particularly interesting at this moment:—

Houses for the sale of this beverage were first licensed in England in the time of Edward the Sixth, by an act of the 5th and 6th of that monarch; and in the time of James the First, the power of licensing inns and alehouses was granted by letters patent to certain individuals; but as great abuse was committed under this mode of collection, it was soon after placed on the same foot-

\* "*The Rarities of Richmond*: being exact descriptions of the Hermitage and Merlin's Cave in the gardens there. Lond. 1735." 8vo with his *Life and Prophecies*, 1736, 8vo. Probably one of our antiquarian correspondents can favour us with the loan of a copy of either of these tracts: if so, we promise the reader a more detailed account of *Merlin's Cave*.—Ed.

ing as any of the other branches of excise.\* This duty was not very productive, as appears from an abstract of the money raised in England, for a period of nineteen years, viz. from November the 3rd, 1640, to November the 5th, 1659, in which the whole amount of wine licenses is rated at £312,200. In 1663, they amounted to £20,000; in 1688, to £10,000.† About this period, the ale and beer brewed in England came, on an average of some years, to 4,950,413 barrels of strong, and 2,254,006 barrels of small beer. In the year 1691, the quantity brewed by the common brewers in the City of London, and its suburbs, amounted to 1,222,764 barrels of strong beer and ale, and 865,831 barrels of small beer. But the duty upon these articles being doubled in that year, it set a number of private brewers to work, which so affected the licensed breweries, that in the year 1695, the annual quantity of strong beer and ale was reduced to 909,299 barrels, and the small beer to 813,824 barrels. In 1724, the quantity of strong beer brewed in London and the neighbourhood was 1,172,494 barrels, and of small beer 789,495 barrels, while in the whole of the kingdom the strong beer amounted to 4,075,871 barrels, and 2,465,695 barrels of small beer.‡

The duty, as first imposed on beer, in 1660, by the 12th Charles II., and granted to him for life, was 2s. 6d. per barrel on strong, and 6d. on table beer. This revenue was farmed till 1684, when it was placed under commissioners.

\* Sinclair's Hist. Revenue, p. 208.

† Ibid. p. 261 and 281.

‡ Maitland's Hist. Lond.

For some years previous to that time, it was managed by George Darkwood and partners. In 1688, the excise on this article, clear of all deductions, amounted to £666,383.\* By the 5th of William and Mary, in 1694, the duties were raised to 4s. 9d. on strong, and 1s. 3d. on table beer; but the products were not so great, and they afterwards continued to fluctuate according to the change of the duties. The increase of population and the habits of the people have now rendered the consumption of this beverage prodigious; and notwithstanding that the duty at present is 10s. on every barrel exceeding 16s., and 2s. on every barrel of 16s. or under, the net amount of last year's revenue (1821) came to £2,549,620 18s. 9½d.†

In 1504, ale was sold in England at 3d. per gallon; and it was about twenty years after, that *hops* were introduced, which is thus noticed by an early writer—

"Hops, reformation, bays, and beer,  
Came into England all in one year."

The use of this plant in malt liquor was derived from Artois; and some say, though perhaps incorrectly, that this circumstance first gave that drink the name of beer, to distinguish it from the ancient and softer malt liquor called *ale*. Yet it is certain that beer, as a beverage from malt, was known and used by that name long before. Hops were planted and grown in England in abundance in the reign of James I.‡ though as early as the time of Edward VI. land was set for their cultivation.§ The great supply, however, was drawn from abroad until 1690, when, to encourage the home plantation, a duty of 20s. per cwt., over and above all other charges, was put upon what was imported; and in 1710, the duty of 1d. per pound was imposed upon all hops reared in England, and 3d. on foreign.||

The trade in malt liquor in England employs an immense capital, since, besides what is consumed in the country, large shipments are annually exported. In another part of this essay, where the exports to India and China are stated, will be found an account of the quantities of this commodity sent to those countries. The following is the aggregate of the exports of strong beer for five years, ending 5th of April, 1822, viz.

For the year 1818	-	78,871 Barrels.
1819	-	78,100
1820	-	47,102
1821	-	58,246
1822	-	63,348*

The brewing of porter, a drink which chiefly differs from ale and beer by being made with higher dried malt, commenced some time about the year 1722. The discovery of it is attributed to a person of the name of Harwood, who, to avoid the trouble of mixing beer, ale, and twopenny, a species of drink then in demand, contrived to brew a liquor which would answer the same end; and from its being purchased by porters, and such like persons, it was ever afterwards distinguished by the name of *porter*. In the manufacture of this beverage the English have not been excelled by any other nation, although it is imitated in most of the countries of Europe. The water of the Thames is said to be superior to any other for the making of it; but Mr. Richardson alleges that this is a mistaken idea, as some of the principal brewers find the New River water equally good. The specific gravity of the former is 1000.3, and its spissitude 1000.182, while the specific gravity of the latter is 1000.3, and its spissitude 1000.344.†

It is said that the annual quantity of porter brewed in London exceeds 1,316,345 barrels, of 36 gallons each; and that of porter and ale the consumption in the metropolis amounts to 2,000,000 of barrels. This vast supply is chiefly drawn from the breweries within the city, which, in respect to size, style of building, and ingenuity of operations performed in them, are not surpassed, nor indeed equalled, by any other establishments of the kind in the world.‡

#### THE HUMAN EAR.

MR. CURTIS, who has (we believe) devoted nearly his lifetime to the study of the Ear, has just published "*A Synoptical Chart of Diseases of the Ear, showing their order, classification, seat, symptoms, causes, and treatment.*" It is handsomely printed on the size of a sheet almanac, and on the wall of the surgery or dispensary will, we conceive, be very important, the name and high practice of the author being a

\* Parl. Paper, No. 571. 1822.

† Vide Treatise on Brewing.

‡ Some of the vats in the breweries are of enormous size. One for holding porter in Meux's is said to be 65½ feet in diameter, and 26½ altitude. It contains 20,000 barrels.

\* Hist. Rev. p. 281.

† Parl. Paper.

‡ Hume, vol. vii. p. 242.

§ 5 and 6 Edward VI. c. 5.

|| 9 Anne, c. 12.

much better recommendation than any we can add.

As Deafness is very frequent, we may mention that oil of amber, dropped on cotton, and placed in the ear, will be found very serviceable; as will be syringing the ears with Castile soap and warm water, using the improved syringe consisting of a ball of India rubber with an ivory tube affixed, which enables the patient to inject much more effectually than with the old instrument.

#### CELESTIAL CARDS.

THESE intellectual toys will probably remind the haters of common cards of the adage, that out of evil springs good. Perhaps a more delightful introduction to the sublime science of astronomy was never yet devised; and the elegance and good taste in which the Celestial Cards are presented to the public induce us to quote a brief explanation of their object.

The cards, fifty-two in number, are divided into *four seasons*, which are distinguished by the colouring of the drapery of each, and further by the leading card of each season, on which are represented the corresponding *Signs of the Zodiac*.

The *signs* are of greater value than any of the other cards.

One *sign* is of equal value with another.

The next four cards, viz. *Luna, The Sun, The Comet, and The Orbits*, are named *The Luminaries*.

One *luminary* is of equal value with another.

In the remaining cards, which form a series of telescopic views of the eleven planets of our Sun's system, every planet will be observed to occur four times, or once in every season.

They are all described as surrounded by constellations, except those which have moons.

The cards, then, are fifty-two in number, each *season* containing thirteen, viz. *one sign, one luminary, and eleven planets*.

Every card is called by the name given to it in the plate of the Key; in speaking of a *planet*, however, the *season* is also to be expressed—as *Jupiter in spring, Jupiter in summer, Tellus in winter, &c.* according to the colour of its drapery.

These are all the particulars for which we have space; but even these must be sufficient to invite the attention of the reader to what may be termed one of the most beautiful and ingenious in-

ventions ever devised for the instruction and amusement of youth.

We are not *haters* of cards, nor habitual players; but the contrasting intellect of the Celestial Cards with the unmeaning designations of spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs, is irresistibly impressive. Take, for example, one card upon which these sublime facts are inscribed: The "comet of 1680—distance from the sun, at its nearest approach, 580,000 miles—length of its tail, 80,000,000 miles—progression per hour, 880,000 miles:" what a field of contemplation is here opened to us!—unutterably bright, does it eclipse the trumpery of the corresponding card in a common pack.

#### THE BROAD SWORDSMAN'S POCKET COMPANION.

THIS is a pretty little work of coloured lithographs, illustrating the motions, cuts, guards, and points of broad-sword exercise, and appears to us to deserve the attention of such as wish to acquire that elegant accomplishment.

#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATIONAL talents are, no doubt, occasionally the source of considerable satisfaction to social parties of a mixed kind; but more frequently are they the source of discomfort, annoyance, wearisomeness, and disgust. There is a distinction perhaps, but to us it often seems a distinction without a difference, between speakers and talkers—the former, we understand, being to be preferred, and of course listened to with all due deference and respect. But then, they insist on admiration, and admiration includes silence, and silence is shameful to men with tongues in their mouths and brains in their heads, as long and as large, it may be, as those of their eloquent neighbours. The truth is, that the man who shows off in company, is *ipso facto* a poor creature; and cannot be a gentleman. Exuberance of animal spirits, a passion for sympathy, or a confidential affection for the pensive Public, will instigate men to pour themselves out at table, to decant themselves as they might a bottle of frothy small beer, or other more potent liquor, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." We do not call that showing off; for the root of their copiousness, their great "verbosity of words," as we t'other day

heard such fluency well called by a country gentleman, is benevolence—legitimate or spurious; and such is the wickedness of this world, that we like even a bastard benevolence. But your studied "malice prepense" haranguer, who gets up his string of speeches out of his pile of commonplace books, and absolutely comes prepared, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer on opening the Budget, or a barrister about to address a jury on a case of rail-roads, river-embankments, or encroachment-of-tide, deserves death without benefit of clergy, except indeed a roasting from Sydney Smith. The selfish sinner spouts but for himself; nor sees the loathing which his vulgar lips inspire, his pompous enunciation, and the glazed fixtures of his unintellectual eyes. "Pity he is not in Parliament," some stuck-pig ninny whispers to the brother at his elbow—and pity 'tis indeed—in parliament—in prison—or in the stocks. Only see how he shines!—Feeding his little tin lamp with the oil of vanity—till all at once the wick goes out with a stink, and the would-be illuminé cannot see the length of his nose. For somebody has changed the talk upon him, insinuated a topic on which our friend has not been crammed like a Cambridge wrangler or a Norfolk turkey, and the shallow stream, as if stricken by sudden frost, is dumb. The company begins to revive under the unhopéd abatement of the nuisance. There is a sweet, still, Sabbath-feeling in the air, now that the "dizzy mill-wheel rests," and mine host calls on Davy Wylie for a song—the Ewie wi' the crooked horn, or Jenny's bawbee. The orator remembers, or feigns, an engagement to a rout; and flies off to have his dry well *fanged* (see Dr. Jamieson) by an effusion from the bucket of some Fashionable Blue.

Men of genius, even, are not always innocent of this sin. They are betrayed into it by the "moods of their own minds," which are sometimes perverse enough; and seem suddenly seized with a desire to shine—idle ambition indeed—in stars that by their very being are lustrous. But stars, it would appear, are impatient of being behind a cloud—and are unhappy in heaven unless gazed at from earth. Poets thus become prosy; Coleridge himself, whose speech usually resembles the music of the spheres, then hums like a spinning-wheel or a dorchawk; Wordsworth's Much-a-do-about-Nothing reminds his hearers of the cataract of Lodore, bouncing in dry summer-weather over a

precipice some hundred feet high, with about some six or eight gallons in the minute of a continuous flow of foamy froth. Sir Walter gets so unrelentingly anecdotal on the doomed man sitting under the fascination of his shaggy eyebrows, that the ghost of Joe Miller would seem to bring relief from Elysium to that "storied urn and animated bust;" and as for Bowles, we never shall cease wondering how he can bring himself to have the wickedness sometimes to deliver, at one Saturday sitting, as many sermons as would suffice the congregation of Bremhill Church for a series of Sabbaths.

Now, all this being the case, more or less, one may easily suppose the scene when a batch of tip-top talkers are met together, each determined to put his best foot foremost, and to gabble the other down, till the air of the room is like the hollow of the sky, during the transit of a flock of wild geese emigrating under the conduct of a chief, with a bill almost as loud and long as Wilmot Horton's. Byron suffered much in this way; and seems to have had a horror of certain *soirées*, where every mouth was at work like a power-loom. At no time loquacious,—at such time he was silent. What cared he whether the "Epicene" had the ball at her own foot,—or Sir James Mackintosh (talker in ordinary at Holland-house,) or Mr. Richard Sharpe,—or Brownstout Whitbread, the brewer,—or Smallbeer Rogers, the banker,—or Playwright Colman, the licenser,—or any other "old man or old woman eloquent"—what mattered all this to *Childe Harold*, self-withdrawn into some glorious dream of Greece, flying, eagle-like, o'er the Peaks of Par-nassus? His ambition "was made of sterner stuff." He knew that one of his Spenserian stanzas was worth all the talk-tea-and-turn-out that ever was dribbled; nor does he seem to have taken the trouble of seriously admiring for an hour any of those spouters, except De Stael and Sheridan,—and *She*, indeed, was almost of as high an order of mind as Byron,—although, unlike Eve with Adam, from "her lips words alone pleased us;" while *He* was lustrous even when lachrymose, with the hues of wit turning his maudlin tears into diamond sparks, and while smiles and sighs were a-struggle, "set the table on a roar." Byron was often mute—that is, his thought was so—but his forehead always spoke, and so did the eloquent light—and the sunshiny shadows of his eyes, whether "in dim suffusion veiled" of melancholy, or

"brightly beautifully blue," as the heavens without a cloud, in the summer-light of the Joy of Genius, which—to look on its expression—seemeth indeed to be "bliss beyond compare!"

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THE LOVELY MAID.

A HUNGARIAN BALLAD.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,  
In the valley's depth that plays?  
'Tis neither—but a meteor  
That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,  
Is crown'd with ringlet hair;  
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,  
Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression  
She bows her lovely head,  
Her hand holds up a flow'et,  
By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets  
Into that maiden's ear,  
The branches trembling round her,  
Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,  
Were I but one of these,  
How fondly would I kiss her,  
Were I a heavenly breeze.

Around her beauteous members,  
Delighted fishes play;  
The rivulet hush'd to silence,  
Long carries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,  
Were I that silent stream;  
But midst those fish to revel,  
Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,  
Where tread that maiden's feet,  
But kiss and kiss untiring,  
And die in bliss so sweet.

But how! my eyes deceive me;  
This dream—'tho' bright it be—  
Is but a mortal likeness,  
Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,  
All earthly beauties fade,  
So fades the maid's fair shadow,  
Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,  
'Twas but a shadow rude,  
That playing in the wavelets,  
In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,  
On the ocean strand afar,  
She stood—of love—and feeling  
The more than magic-star.

*From the Hungarian—Bowring's Specimens.*

### ORIGIN OF THE DUTIES ON SPIRITS.

DURING the latter part of the reign of George I. and the earlier part of that of George II., gin-drinking was exceedingly prevalent; and the cheapness of ardent spirits, and the multiplication of public-houses, were denounced from the pulpit, and in the presentments of Grand Juries, as pregnant with the most destructive consequences to the health and morals of the community. At length, ministers determined to make a vigorous effort to put a stop to the

further use of spiritous liquors, except as a cordial or medicine. For this purpose, an act was passed in 1736. Its preamble is to this effect:—"Whereas the drinking of spiritous liquors or strong waters, is become very common, especially among people of lower and inferior rank, the constant and excessive use of which tends greatly to the destruction of their health, rendering them unfit for useful labour and business, debauching their morals, and inciting them to perpetrate all vices; and the ill consequences of the excessive use of such liquors are not confined to the present generation, but extend to future ages, and tend to the destruction and ruin of this kingdom." The enactments were such as might be expected to follow such a preamble. They were not intended to repress the vice of gin-drinking, but to root it out altogether. To accomplish this, a duty of *twenty shillings* a gallon was laid on spirits, exclusive of a heavy license duty on retailers. Extraordinary encouragements were at the same time held out to informers, and a fine of £100. was ordered to be rigorously exacted from those who, were it even through inadvertency, should vend the smallest quantity of spirits which had not paid the full duty. Here was an act which might, one should think, have satisfied the bitterest enemy of gin. But instead of the anticipated effects, it produced those directly opposite. The respectable dealers withdrew from a trade proscribed by the legislature; so that the spirit business fell almost entirely into the hands of the lowest and most profligate characters, who, as they had nothing to lose, were not deterred by penalties from breaking through all its provisions. The populace having in this, as in all similar cases, espoused the cause of the smugglers and unlicensed dealers, the officers of the revenue were openly assaulted in the streets of London and other great towns; informers were hunted down like wild beasts; and drunkenness, disorders, and crimes, increased with a frightful rapidity. "Within two years of the passing of the act," says Tindal, "it had become *odious and contemptible*, and policy as well as humanity forced the Commissioners of Excise to mitigate its penalties." During the two years in question, no fewer than 12,000 persons were convicted of offences connected with the sale of spirits. But no exertion on the part of the revenue officers and magistrates could stem the torrent of smuggling. According to a

statement made by the Earl of Cholmondeley in the House of Lords, it appears, that at the very moment when the sale of spirits was declared to be illegal, and every possible exertion made to suppress it, upwards of SEVEN MILLIONS of gallons were annually consumed in London, and other parts immediately adjacent! Under such circumstances, government had but one course to follow—to give up the unequal struggle. In 1742, the high prohibitory duties were accordingly repealed, and such moderate duties imposed, as were calculated to increase the revenue, by increasing the consumption of legally distilled spirits. The bill for this purpose was vehemently opposed in the House of Lords by most of the bishops, and many other peers, who exhausted all their rhetoric in depicting the mischievous consequences that would result from a toleration of the practice of gin-drinking. To these declamations it was unanswerably replied, that whatever the evils of the practice might be, it was impossible to repress them by prohibitory enactments; and that the attempts to do so had been productive of far more mischief than had ever resulted, or could be expected to result, from the greatest abuse of spirits. The consequences of the change were highly beneficial. An instant stop was put to smuggling; and if the vice of drunkenness was not materially diminished, it has never been stated that it was increased.—*Edinburgh Review.*

### Fine Arts.

#### EXHIBITIONS AT THE NEW BAZAAR IN OXFORD STREET.

PHENIX-LIKE from its ashes, but in better style than its opposite neighbour, the Pantheon, rose after a similar calamity,\*—the Bazaar in Oxford-street has been rebuilt and refitted, within the short space of twelve months. The new building is in many respects superior to the former; the staircases are better contrived; and the decoration of the whole Bazaar is in very good taste. The columns and supports painted to imitate bronze, and above all, the stained glass ceiling have a remarkably novel and pleasing effect.

The Exhibitions consist of a Diorama, and what is called a Physiorama.

The Diorama contains four views, or scenes. When we entered, the in-

\* The Pantheon was burnt on January 16, 1792: the loss was £80,000. It was soon rebuilt, but in a comparatively miserable style; the elegant front and portico, however, still remain.

terior of Durham Cathedral was before us with its fine Saxon, and what Pennant chose to call, "clumsy yet venerable magnificence of the early Norman style," the vast cylindrical pillars, with zig-zags and lozenges,—showing the organ and the distant choir, a veritable organ playing in the meantime to add reality to the semblance. In parts it is well painted. A Londoner near us very naively recognised the picture as St. Paul's! Next came the Pass of Briançon, we think by Stanfield, which formed a beautiful contrast to the deepening shadows of Durham Cathedral. Taken as a whole, this is the best view; some of the mountain-scenery and the bridge are beautifully painted. One error struck us very forcibly—the strong sun ray, which, joking apart, was almost strong enough to expect a *coup de soleil*. Then followed the Thames Tunnel, and last came a View of Venice, as gay as the queen of the Adriatic could be.

The Physiorama is a still more multitudinous exhibition, for there are no less than fourteen cosmoramic views. Among them are York Minster on fire—Constantinople,—and the Needles and Isle of Wight, which occurred to us as the best of the number. These views are placed in two passages or aisles, connected at the top by a short passage; the whole being prettily hung with cotton drapery of green and white. In short, all the decorative parts of the Bazaar are very tastefully executed.

You may pass half an hour pleasantly enough in looking at the little labours of ingenuity temptingly displayed on the counters, and we were happy to see many of the fair occupants busily employed.

Bazaars, on the average, we think, answer better in London than Paris, where there is nothing to equal our Soho Bazaar or that of Oxford Street. This is not as might be expected from the out-of-door taste of the French people.

### Old Poets.

#### ANGELS.

FAIR is the heaven where happy souls have place  
In full enjoyment of felicity,  
Whence they do still behold the glorious face  
Of the Divine Eternal Majesty.  
More fair is that where those Ideas on high  
Enranged be, which Plato so admir'd,  
And pure intelligence from God inspir'd.  
Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign  
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,  
Which in their high protections do contain  
All mortal princes and imperial states.  
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats  
And heavenly dominations are set,  
From whom all earthly governance is fet.  
Yet far more fair be those bright cherubin

Which all with golden wings are over dight,  
And those eternal burning seraphim  
Which from their faces dart out fiery light.  
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,  
Be th' angels and archangels which attend  
On God's own person without rest or end.

SPENSER.

## BOUNTY.

OH, sacred Bounty, mother of content,  
Prop of renown, nourisher of arts,  
The crown of Hope, the root of good event,  
The trump of fame, the joy of noble hearts,  
Grace of the heavens, divinity in nature  
Whose excellence doth so adorn the creature.

DRAYTON.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was not such a saint  
As Virgil maketh him by his description,  
His love of learning 'scueth that complaint  
That men might justly make of his proscription,  
Neither the shame that Nero's name doth taunt,  
Confirm'd now by a thousand years prescription,  
Be e'en as it is, if he had had the wit  
To have been frank to such as poems writ.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

## LOVE.

THE joys of love, if they should ever last  
Without affliction or disquietness.  
That worldly chances do among them cast,  
Would be on earth too great a blessedness.  
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness;  
Therefore the winged god to let men weat  
That here on earth is no sure happiness,  
A thousand sours bath temper'd with one sweet,  
To make it seem more dear and dainty as it meet.

SPENSER.

## PATIENCE.

LET *Brontes* and black *Steropes*  
Sweat at the forge their hammers beating;  
An hour will come they must affect their case,  
Though but while metal's heating,  
And after all their *Ætean* ire  
"Gold that is perfect will outlive the fire  
For Fury wasteth  
As Patience lasteth  
No armour to the mind." He is shoot-fire from  
injury  
That is not hurt; not he that is not hit;  
So fools we see  
Oft 'scape their imputation more through luck  
than wit.

BEN JONSON.

## EARTH.

To know ourselves to come of human birth,  
These sad afflictions cross us here on earth.  
A task impos'd by heaven's eternal law,  
To keep our rude rebellions well in awe.

DRAYTON.

## IGNORANCE.

IMAGE of hellish horror, Ignorance,  
Born in the bosom of the black abyss,  
And fed with furies' milk for sustenance,  
Of his weak infancy begot amiss,  
By quawing Sloth, upon his mother Night,  
So he his sons both sire and brother hight.

SPENSER.

## WOMEN.

WOMEN be  
Fram'd with the same parts of the mind as we,  
Nay, Nature triumph'd in their beauties' birth,  
And women made the glory of the earth;  
The life of beauty in whose supple breasts,  
And in her fairest lodging virtue rests,  
Whose towering thoughts attended with remorse,  
Do make their fairness be of greater force.

WEAVER.

## ENVY.

I CHANCED ON a monster of a man,  
With health heart sick, starved with store of  
food,  
With riches poor, with beauty pale and wan,  
Wretched with happiness, evil with good,  
One eye did envy at the other eye;  
Because the other envied more than he,  
His hands did fight for the first injury,  
So Envy envy'd, envied to be;  
And as he went his tender foot was sore,  
And envied at the foot that went before.

BASTARD.

## TRUTH.

THE truth doth dwell in God's holy tables  
Of God's live word not in our wanton brain,  
Which daily coining some strange error vain  
For gold takes lead, for truth electeth fables.

SYLVESTER.

## RELIGION.

ON ' that this power from everlasting given,  
The great alliance made 'twixt God and us.  
Th' intelligence that earth doth hold with heaven.  
Sacred Religion, oh! that thou must thus  
Be made to smooth our unjust uneven,  
Brought from above Earth's quarrel to discuss.  
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills,  
And make our zeal the furtherer of ill?

DANIELL.

## BEAUTY.

FAIR is my love for April in her face,  
Her lovely breasts, September claims his part,  
And lordly July in her eyes hath place,  
But cold December dwelleth in her heart;  
Blest be the month that sets my head on fire,  
Accurst that kindeth my desire.  
Like *Phœbus*' fire, so sparkles both her eyes,  
As air perfum'd with amber is her breath,  
Like swelling waves her lovely breasts do rise,  
As earth her heart cold, doth me to death,  
In pomp sits mercy seated in her face,  
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,  
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace,  
But touch her heart, oh, that is made of flint.

GREENE.

## GOD.

UNDER His feet (subjected to His grace)  
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and space.

FAIRFAX.

## NEPENTHE.

NEPENTHE is a drink of sovereign grace,  
Devised of the gods for to assuage  
Hearts grief and bitter gall away to chase,  
Which stir up anguish and contentious rage,  
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age,  
It doth establish in the troubled mind,  
Few men but such as sober are and sage,  
Are by the gods to drink thereof assign'd,  
But such as drink, eternal happiness do find.

SPENSER.

## PEACE.

MOTHER of the living, second nature  
Of th' elements, fire, water, earth, and air;  
The grace whereby men climb the heavenly  
chair,  
Whence void, this world harbours no happy  
creature.  
Pillar of laws, religion's pedestal,  
Hope of the glory, glory of the immortal  
Honour of cities, pearl of kingdoms all  
The nurse of virtues, Muses chief support  
Patron of arts, of good the special spring.

SYLVESTER.



## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

DUNS.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY have thought that the word Dun was derived from the French *donnez*, (give me), but the true origin of that thrilling name is from one Joe Dun, a most famous bailiff of the good city of Lincoln; so extremely active and dexterous was he in his agreeable profession, that it became a common proverb when any unlucky wight could not or would not pay, to say, "Why don't you Dun him." This celebrated progenitor of duns flourished in the reign of Henry VII. M. B. H.

PRINCE MASSARANO.

At the time my father taught riding, horses were sent to him to break in for the manège. Prince Massarano, who was then Spanish ambassador here, sent two of his horses every morning to the riding-house: only one of them was to be taught his paces. The groom, instead of taking the other to the stables, always remained present with one whilst my father was engaged in breaking in the other. This circumstance excited my father's curiosity, when he asked the groom his reason for so doing. "Sir my master desired that he was to remain present during the time you were teaching the other, that he might learn, as he was only to pay for one."

*Angelo's Reminiscences.*

FOUR HUNDRED PERSONS DESTROYED  
BY A COAT.

NOBLE, in his *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, vol. i. p. 56, says, "That Major Cromwell died of the plague at Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, on the morning of February the 23rd, 1666, and was buried next evening in the church there. He caught the infection by wearing a coat, the cloth of which came from London; and the tailor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than four hundred people in Ramsey, as appears by the register, and all owing to this fatal coat."

JUDGE JEFFERYS AND THE COUNTRY-  
MAN'S BEARD.

It is reported of Judge Jefferys, that taking a dislike to an evidence, who had a long beard, he told him, "That if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one." To which

the countryman replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all." P. T. W.

SONG, BY JOE MILLER (1744.)

THE following may be applied to the wisdom-overmuch of our times:—

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,  
Unwounded by its cares;  
His passions never are at strife,  
He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile as smile she will,  
Upon her booby brood,  
The fool anticipates no ill,  
But reaps the present good.

Or should, through love of change, her wheels  
Her fav'rite bantling cross,  
The happy fool no anguish feels,  
He weighs nor gains nor loss.

When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,  
Whilst men of sense run mad,  
Fools, careless, whistle on and say,  
'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,  
A fool thus fate defies,  
The greatest folly I can name  
Is to be over-wise.

TULLY observed, that no man however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

VOLTAIRE, when asked who were the greatest knaves in the world, replied, "the doctors;" it was then demanded, who were the greatest fools? "That is plain," he replied, "*their patients!*"

FEAR is the worst of all thieves, for he takes away that he can never restore—  
*Courage.*

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